

LAST EDITION

FOOLED THEM.

It Was a Pretty Romance Mrs. Travis Told the Masons.

Said She Was the Daughter of
Don Rodrigo de Gonsalves

HER FATHER TURNS OUT TO BE OLD
BILL MORRIS OF MISSOURI.

Instead of Being Reared in Luxury on a South American Plantation She Was Brought Up in the Woods and Was a Chambermaid in a Hotel—Eloped With

Mrs. Musa Annetta de Cordova Travie la

still at the Woman's Training School with her little blue-eyed baby. She continues to wait for her lost husband's return but it is doubtful if she will be allowed to remain in the United States. Food women who have charge of that institution lack of her remaining disposition.

In last Wednesday's Post-Dispatch Mrs. Travis told a very beautiful and romantic story of how she was born in Buenos Ayres, Argentina, the daughter of a rich family in South America. Her father, she said, was Don Manuel Espinardo, Don Rodrigo de Cordova by name—such a pretty name, too—and her mother an Argentine. When only a little baby this poor father with the high-sounding name was torn up in an explosion on board a ship and she was taken to London by a rich American who had a home in

Pola, a little place eighteen miles from Buenos Ayres.

Here she lived in the lap of luxury until she was 15 years of age, when her rich benefactor married her. That, she said, was in 1880. They lived happily together until the civil war broke out down there, and then he was forced to flee the country. Her little blue-eyed baby was born in Honduras in November, 1893, and when she was well enough they came, on to America. Her husband's money having given out, he

took to lecturing on South American topics.

AN AWFUL PLOT.

Last October they went to Vincennes, Ind., and began boarding with Misses Clara and Katie McKernans. Her husband went away on a lecturing tour and finally, he having seen some money thrown out by the McKernans and found her way to St. Louis in a most destitute condition. The McKernans, she said, were withholding her address from her husband and his from her, so that he could not find her and come to her.

When the managers of the Women's Training School heard of her dilemma they gladly took her in, and the Masons, to which order her husband belonged, rendered her every assistance in her efforts to locate him.

heaven, was never blown up in a lampwick, but still, it was a good thing, that the splitting rails and making mugs sugar.

JUST A MISSOURI GIRL.

Musa Annette de Cordova never saw South America. The country folks up in Miller County knew her as plain Annie Morris. When she was about 14 years old she went over to Edon, Mo., to look after a place called Emma's, the country hotel in that little burg. Here she stayed, washing dishes and making beds, until one day a gray-headed old codger, who signed his name on the register as Charles H.

The next thing Travis knew was that his wife's chambermaid had eloped. Travis forgetting to settle his board-bill. Nothing more was heard of the couple until early in 1896, when the lecturer was arrested in Hancock, Pulaski County, for obtaining money under false pretenses. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, but after serving 10 months, on 22nd of March, 1898, the Supreme Court reversed the decision after his client had served two months. The wife was with her

father in Tusculum during this time, and it was here that the baby was born.

When Mrs. Travis was confronted with this array of facts this morning she broke down. She said she was at the "Coke" Training School, 215 North Fourth street, perambulating the halls, baby in arms.

"S-s-s-ah," she whispered warningly to the reporter. "Don't tell everybody in the house about it. I don't want to be thrown into the streets."

Why did you tell such a story when you knew you were deceiving people?" she was asked.

"Well," she said, "I was in trouble and didn't know what to do. If I could only get my husband back I wouldn't care what was printed, but now I'm afraid they'll put me out."

"Do you ever use opium?" asked the reporter.

DOESN'T USE OPIUM.

"Never, sir," she replied. "I don't need it."

All of which seems most apparent in the light of her South American yarn.

Mrs. Travis expects to have her husband in the city in a few days.

Louisville, she wrote to the Sheriff at Vincennes and she frightened the McKernan woman into giving up the correspondence of the husband and wife, which they had been holding at their house. One of Travis' letters stated that he would be in Louisville to-day, John D. Vinci, secretary of the Louisville and Nashville Division of the C. I. O., has been helping the woman, telegraphed him that his wife was here. No answer had been received this morning.

In one of the letters which the McKernan woman wrote to Mrs. Travis they admit

Having opened his letters to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Truitt, he had reported the matter to the Federal Investigator Johnstone. A report will be made on the case to the Cincinnati division and an investigation made.

John D. Vinell said that he had aided the woman as much through common humanity as through Masonic influence. He had papers to show that her husband was a Mason, but he could not show that she was one. He was anxious that the man might be located in order that the woman, who, he was convinced, was in need, might be taken care of.

Travis is said to have obtained sums of money from Masonic lodges all over the State.

Saturday Bargains

ELMACH—Thursday, Jan. 17, 8 a. m., Mrs. Anne Elmach, after a short illness, beloved of George Elmach, daughter of Mr. C. H. Elmach, at the age of 27 years and 8 months.

Burial from family residence, 1434 N. 1st st., at 10 a. m.

